

Ruminations

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Ruminations
Ramen nations
Miso mystery
Where do we come from?
Where are we going?
Are we there
yet?

Did you know
in Denmark, the blueberries we eat
all over in America
are called “swamp berries”
and real northern blueberries
are called
“blue berries”?
I guess the technicalities
really matter
to them.
But I always thought it funny
how blueberries weren’t actually
blue.
They are green berries
running incognito
in thin blue coats.

British people get away with
so much.
Americans will spin their heads around
180 degrees
like wild owls
when they hear their treacle dripping, sticky toffee accents.
They're wittier.
The original *The Office* was made there.
They're smarter.
They spell color with a U!
And favorite with a U!
It's all because of Jane Austen period pieces
and Stephen Hawking.
Two times I Googled if American accents
were interesting to others
at all.
Both times there were commentary boards
and everyone,
mostly Australians,
said American accents were pretty boring.
What I want to know is,
why were there
so many Australians?

“That’s the way
the cookie crumbles.”

How it is.
Deal with it.
C’est la vie.

But we want some control
to the whole ball of wax.
So should we let the cookie crumbs
fall naturally
and read them
like tea leaves?

Then we will know
what to do
next.

Have you ever eaten food
you know you'll never
eat again?
Like,
the good stuff.

Like,
the homemade, fresh
strawberry jam
a 2nd cousin's wife
made before I woke
up at 7:00 am
in Jutland.
It was sticky ruby sauce
and tasted so good
it seemed artificial
like a perfect piece of candy.

Like,
reindeer moss
I ate with my fingers
at an edgy restaurant.
Crunchy, earthy sweet,
evaporated on my tongue.

Like,
the pizza I shared
with my first real date
and I was so anxious
I wasn't actually that hungry.
I ate 1/3 and he ate the rest.

Like,
the Christmas yule log
chocolate cake
I used to make
with my Meemaw
before she had dementia
before she passed away.
I'll never eat that cake again.

Does anyone
else
wish
they could wear
kids' clothes
again?

I miss the
color twirls
sparkle bling
comfort stretch.

Climbing trees
high up
and still looking
like a 'princess.'

As I've grown older
I see, I feel
how memories are pieces of string

we tie to places, things,
songs, smells, texture.

And soon
your life is covered
with fuzzy, frayed strings
tied to everything.

They tug
you back
to prove
you'll never forget.

Today we're typing.
Always typing.
Push a button

And ding!

It's out
on millions of screens
for another to read!

Oh,
but did we really think
about our thoughts

being
out
out
out
there?

Is it just my thumbs
that sometimes fight
with touch screens?

It's embarrassing.

One time

– no,
multiple times –

I accidentally liked
and unliked
and liked
unliked
liked
unliked

one post
of a person I barely knew.

Why are
humans
so afraid of rejection?

The response is
stubbornness or shame.
We lash out
or we hide our face.

We shouldn't replace a 'no'
with 'maybe'
or an ambiguous shrug.

We should not be afraid
of being

more direct.

We could live more free
lives, willing to ask for
what we want.
But also not pinning too much
hope or desire
on a question
we imagine the answer to.

I'm thinking
if I figure out my hair
I'll figure out my life.

Cut it shorter,
figure out my longterm goals.

Get some bangs,
find a partner.

Go dye it,
and ride into my own personal sunset.

Chance encounters
affect

everything.

False first impressions
happen almost all the time.

I've judged
their resting faces,
other 'friends,'
what they wore and
how they expressed themselves.

I've become good friends,
secret sharing,
inside joke making
friends, with people I thought
were unfriendly, untrustworthy.

I'm learning
you don't have to be,
in fact it is better if you're not,
friends with someone you have
a lot in common with.

I'm not advocating
the "opposites attract" theory, but
there is some truth in it.

Opposites make life
interesting.

Have you ever thought
about how you're friends
with someone
but it won't last?

The main reason
you're probably friends
is you're trapped
in the
same situation.

School,
summer camp,
a crap party,
prison.

Then you go
your own ways,
keeping a thin tendril
of communication
through likes on social media.

However,
there are some,
they're rare,
that still speak
through the internet.

You stay attached
and drift in and out
of each others' lives
like the tide.

Every day
I choose a solitary seat,
worn and fuzzy, I stare out
the window and lurch forward...

Buses are
carpooling with people
you'd never think to.

Buses are
staring out the window
and seeing layers upon layers
of reflected and refracted light.

Buses are
the moment of privacy
until someone sits next to you.

I have dreams
in which
people I know die.

They die suddenly.
And I find out about it
through my imagination's grapevine.

One was a fishing boat accident.
He was swept
away in a storm,
never to be seen.
Two others were car accidents.
Their prognosis was certain.

I prefer dreams in which I
fly with Powerpuff girls,
get high-fives and lifted in the air
like Simba,
or go to hang out with
lovely people on a cozy couch.

After those, I wake
wrapped in fuzzy, pink cotton candy and
I wouldn't be afraid
if it really happened.

We are tubes,
fleshy tubes,
that use tubes
to talk to
other tubes.
You-tubes,
Boob tubes,
Fiber optic tubes.

Tubes are our
life lines,
but we cannot
hold them tight.